

## Depth of the Seas.

FROM recent soundings in parts of the Pacific the depth is 8,600 metres. Other great depths are the North Atlantic, 5,391 metres; South Pacific, 8,200; So. Atlantic, 7,400; Indian, 6,800; Caribbean Sea, 6,275.



## Magazine Page



## This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the incorporation, in 1658, of New Amsterdam, later named New York, and now the financial center of the world. Less than 300 years ago the Dutch paid \$25 for Manhattan Island.

# Fannie Hurst's Dramatic Story BACK PAY

A Film Drama  
By Cosmopolitan Productions

A Serial of a Country Girl Who Seeks Happiness in the Maelstrom of the Metropolis.

## THE ACTION SO FAR.

Hester Bevin, an attractive girl left an orphan in a small town, refuses to marry Jerry Newcombe, a fine young chap who has always loved her, and goes to New York to win success. She becomes acquainted with a millionaire, Charles G. Wheeler, and figures in gay parties. She orders a \$22,000 coat but Wheeler objects and suggests a trip to a watering place near her old home. She goes to Demopolis, sees Jerry and again refuses to marry him, though he knows about her life in the city. Jerry goes to the war and comes back wounded. Hester goes to see him and learns he has only a few weeks to live. She is overcome. She tells Kitty, who asked her if she's really in love with Jerry. She fights out the problem with herself.

("Back Pay" has been made into photoplay by Cosmopolitan Productions; direction of Frank Borzage; scenario by Frances Marion. It will be released as a Paramount picture.)

## Screen Version Novelized

JERRY fumbled and produced the gold band hanging by a cord around his neck; something pathetic, this unshaking faith in her.

"You've always carried it, waiting for me!"

"Always," she heard like an

echo from the pulpit at Demopolis: "faith, hope, and charity, and the greatest of these is charity."

"I've got a little flat, Jerry—just big enough for you and me. The doctors are going to let me take you away—where I can be with you all the time—"

"Hester—all the time, how wonderful."

"We're going to fix you up in no time, Jerry, dear—"

"I was thinking we'd have some fine walks back home—in the woods—it'll be like seeing things twice—once as I remembered them and now as you see them—"

The doctor came into the room—the chaplain was introduced; two nurses stood waiting.

No church more solemn as the minister read the marriage service.

No man and woman kneeling before an altar more impressive than this figure of a wounded hero propped up by pillows, holding the hand of this woman redeemed through his love for her.

No answer ever more solemn than the replies to the questions: "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wife?"

"Wilt thou have this man to be thy husband?"

No ceremony more touching



Hester Tells Wheeler That She Wants to Marry Jerry.

Read This Story Here Day by Day; Then Watch for It in Motion Pictures At the Leading Theaters.

than the chaplain's hand guiding the hand of the blind man to place his ring he had carried so long on the finger he had pictured so long wearing it.

Over and done with, man and wife, left to themselves, a happy smile on Jerry's face; a feeling of goodness, of purity in the heart of Hester.

Very tenderly they carried him out; very tenderly they put him in the big car—Charles G. Wheeler's car—and drove him to the flat of two rooms; to the apartment on the drive.

Hester heard him say on the way: "They never had ambulations that rode as easy as this in France."

She made no reply.

He was carried to the flat and placed in a bed, the like of which he had never slept in before; and he sensed space roominess.

He spoke of it: "It's awful kind of you to take me here. Hester—to this little place, it feels big—"

"The windows are open," she stammered—"you're near an open window."

"Ah, that's it—but it doesn't matter as long as you're here—but you mustn't do too much for me—you do your own cooking!"

"Oh, no, don't you worry now—"

Jerry dear—I'll be doing it by and by, but not while you're sick—"

"I was hoping you'd say that—you want to be with me; that's it."

Wheeler telephoned.

"So you went and did it? On the Q. T. I hope."

"Yes, on the Q. T."

"That's right—queerest thing I ever heard of—but it's all right; never happened to me before—well it's in a good cause—may Hester get the best specialists for him—joke on me if he pulled through—so long—oh, I forgot, send the bills to me—"

On the Q. T. Could one cast off the old life and start the new on the Q. T.? Hester was troubled, but the troubles of Jerry obscured her own for the present; she was content to watch and serve.

Days went—Kitty called—turned a startled look on her when she learned the truth. "Gee, wouldn't the papers like to get hold of this, but you're all right kid—it's something to think about—anything is better than this rotten game—and you looking at the river all the time—fine idea, apartment facing the river—suggestive—and so handy."

(Continued Tomorrow.)

## LOVING TOO WELL

AND NOT SHOWING IT IN RIGHT WAY.

By Beatrice Fairfax

Who Occupies a Unique Position in Writing World as an Authority on the Problems of Girls.

MRS. CARTER loves her husband. She is unhappy, if he's kept out late on business. She stays in the city all summer because he hates to commute, and she can't bear to be separated from him. She is always telling anyone who will listen what a wonder Roy is and what a lucky woman she was to get him.

But when the Carters go out to dinner everyone is made uncomfortable by the way she watches to see that he uses the right fork, and her nervous misery while he's telling a story and her way of correcting him for all sorts of unimportant little lapses no one would notice if the devoted wife didn't throw them up in the limelight of her eagerness to keep her Roy up to her standard for him.

Nothing Roy Carter does ever satisfies his devoted wife and she tells him so from morning to night. She can't stop nagging and correcting and fault-finding. Yet she loves Roy and she'd go through torture if he were to look at another woman.

And there's Frank Mason. His mother is a sweet old lady and he's the last to deny it. But he is always pleading with her to wear up-to-date hats instead of the funny little turbans in which she feels perfectly at home. And he never ceases reminding her what a wonderful cook Mrs. Jones is.

Sometimes when Frank brings a couple of chaps home with him unannounced and mother has gotten herself into a flurry of nervousness through trying to get up a dinner that will do Frank proud he sits all through it railing the old lady on the fact that she's so bent on saving his money that she just won't have a maid who'd know how to do things.

And there's Ben Stillwell. His wife can't dance or play golf, but

she has brains and charm and there are plenty of things to make her a charming addition to any party. But Ben never takes his wife anywhere without apologizing for the things she can't do, as if they were all any woman could have to recommend her.

All of us know folks who never stop correcting those they love. Of course, we know the old saying:

"Praise thy friend publicly; rebuke him privately."

But do we know how important it is?

"Praise thy friend for what he does well. Keep silent on what he does ill."

It isn't flattery that proves love. But surely constant fault-finding almost disproves it.

It is because we have a high standard for those we love that we feel disappointed when they fall below it. We want the best from those we most love. We almost demand it. But how often do we fall their ideals of us?

It isn't the mother who is always crying "don't" to her children who brings them up to have the finest standard. Nothing negative is so constructive as the positive attitude. It is by finding the things children do well and making them see how important these may become that the best ideals evolve.

We all like praise. We all enjoy the feeling of real accomplishment. We want our own honest approval and that of those for whom we care. We hold to a policy of blame and correction and nagging—and then we wonder why the love that once kindled at our glance responds so slowly to the sweetness which has often proved to be a pot of crackling thorns.

Have a high ideal for the man you love. Hold him to it. But do this by showing your joy in his best—not by stressing his blunders until he begins awkwardly and miserably to wonder if he can ever do anything to suit you.

## The Wine of Life

By Arthur Stringer  
Well-Known Author and Novelist of Country-Wide Reputation.

STORROW had difficulty, in fact, in finding a suitable housekeeper. For the first two months, indeed, he had endured an old Englishman and his wife, each equally addicted to gin and each equally capable, when under its influence, of prolonged and noisy combat.

The cooking was far from acceptable, the disorder of the house increased, and the projected work on orchards and buildings and the fences fell far behind schedule. After dismissing the gin-soaked combatants from Pine-Brae, Storrow lived quite alone for a few weeks. But this effort at "batching it" as the vernacular of the countryside phrased such experiences, proved neither desirable nor profitable.

When a neighbor told Storrow of an orphan girl "up the lake" whose mother and father had been drowned crossing the ice to Pelee Island, he journeyed to the farmer who was giving the unfortunate girl temporary harborage, in the hope that she might be suitable as a housekeeper.

When he learned that she was still a mere girl of twenty, however, he was disposed to let the matter drop. But her temporary guardian entertained no such qualms.

"She's a good girl, is Crystal Cantwell," the younger man was assured, "a girl who's always kept to herself, sir, with no nonsense about men-folk. She's quiet, sir, and as willin' a worker as you'd wish, and not the kind to be botherin' a young gentleman who's not disposed to be botherin' with her."

Storrow, as he waited while the girl was being summoned to his presence, seemed to find the room touched, not so much with the atmosphere of the slave-market,

### Do You Know—

The framework of a ship resembles the skeleton of a herring. Persia has no old maids.

Banknotes are said to have been used in China nearly 5,000 years ago.

Police officers and others who walk or stand a good deal are very subject to flat-foot.

The hat worn by women in 4,000 B. C. is stated to be very similar to models worn today.

By turning out the toes, you throw the weight of the body on the instep, with bad effects.

The most treacherous animals to deal with in captivity are said to be jaguars and black panthers.

Decayed teeth, a sign of toothache, have been found in a skull thousands of years old, thus proving that this ailment is not a modern one due to civilization.

American typists are said to surpass those of Great Britain, largely owing to the fact that they learn the "touch" system, whereby the eyes never rest on the keyboard.

**ASTHMA**  
No cure for it, but welcome relief is often brought by—  
**VICKS**  
VAPORUB  
Over 17 Million Jars Used Yearly

but more with the calloused and careless materialities of the stockyard. And the impression was in no way diminished when Crystal stepped, silent and embarrassed, through the door. She stood, after one, quick and comprehensive glance at him, with her eyes fixed on the floor, blushing rosy as Storrow reiterated his doubts as to the expediency of a woman so young assuming control of his household.

She arrives.  
"That woman, sir, is one in a hundred," proclaimed the Legree of the invisible auction-block. And still again the younger man studied the girl with the waves of rose-color confusing her slight-

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Her hair, bleached by the open sun from a hazel nut hue to almost the tint of Roman gold, gave him the impression of something tawny and untamed, with a look of desert vastness in her face.

He noticed as he questioned her, that she did not speak quickly, and assumed that her acutely would seldom stir her feelings.

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## A Stirring Romance of a Young Sculptor

Yet she carried an odd impression of capacity for feeling, of emotions carefully herded and corralled. And as her shyness vanished and the blood-waves returned less frequently to the dusky pigments of the cheek he found his earlier misgivings slipping away from him. She, herself, he felt, was answer enough to those misgivings.

So the bargain was struck, and two days later Crystal Cantwell and her cowhide trunk tied with rope arrived at Pine-Brae. With her advent came a change to the neglected and musty house in the midst of its whispering pine groves. Chaos in some way became comfort. Even solitude became less oppressive. The new maid set to work with peasant-like inarticulateness, agreeing to anything which Storrow, as her master, might suggest, with her large, and limped eyes resting abstractedly on his face as he talked to her. They were not stupid eyes, he was beginning to see, and what he had first thought of as their bovine placidity seemed more the serenity of a soul incorruptibly at peace with itself.

But all the while, as Spring merged into Summer, the Summer brought its promise of fulfilment, she went about her tasks apparently fortified by some large and secret knowledge. Just what it was, Storrow could not guess. He was able to talk to her with less restraint as he became more accustomed to her presence there. But she was never the one to begin these talks.

She listened patiently, with her limpid eyes always on his face. In time, she even added a ribbon to her hair and fell to consulting the mail-order catalogues on the matter of emollients and underwear.

In hot weather she would unbutton her shirtwaist and roll down the loose collar, exposing a whiter fullness of throat and shoulder.

Storrow caught himself at different times, studying the mild roundness of that full throat, with a feeling as remote and yet as disturbing as the beat of nocturnal tom-toms to the children of the jungle.

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(Continued Tomorrow.)

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## When A Girl Marries

A SERIAL OF EARLY WEDDED LIFE.

By Ann Lisle  
Whose Present Serial Has Scored a Big Popular Success.

A T Mabel Storr's words I gasped and found myself suddenly so dizzy that I could hardly steady my hand on the steering wheel of the car. Even the thought that my poor little prodigal father hadn't done Jim a bit of harm fairly made my heart sing.

The struggle between my love for Jim and my sense of fairness to Dad Lee has at times been terrific. I could never be quite sure whether I wanted to discredit my father because I wasn't proud of him, or if I wished him gone because I feared him.

"You don't think that my father is a menace to Jim?" I asked breathlessly. "Of course, I'm not suggesting that he would consciously do anything of the sort—but I mean aren't you afraid of how Dick's shrewdness employs—a tired and devoted old man?"

"Not the least in the world!" she laughed throatily. "The point where I'd like to pick up Dick's trail is at the time of which I told you when he stole the claim belonging to Ramon and Rosa Cordova. I want to know just what he did with that paper. He successfully filed a claim and based his whole career on theft—it gives us a definite insight on his methods. And it also suggests why one of those Cordovas is now in fighting along with Mr. Harrison."

"Perhaps there's still some way of proving prior rights to a rich oil field. Perhaps there's a search on for the missing documents. Of course, I'm only guessing, but I've an idea that Dick did file the claim—that his title's defective somehow and for this reason instead of from mere hatred for your husband, he's been using all sorts of methods to have work stopped down so that the whole property looks only good enough to sell at auction to the highest bidder."

"We ought to get word to Jim!" I cried. "We must get word to him. I wonder if he's down in the oil country? I wonder if I couldn't go?"

"No," she said tersely—almost curtly. "You of all people mustn't go down there. Dick would know the minute you bought your ticket. If only I could go—but I'm tied

up."

"He didn't merely stumble across me. Mrs. Harrison. We met through Dick West." replied the girl half under her breath. "Don't ask me to go into details. After all I suffered years ago because of Dick. I hadn't learned just what a—bad hombre he is. He found me when I came here and I let him win my faith again. Mr. Harrison stood between me and danger. That's why I'd die rather than betray the trust he's imposed upon me."

To Be Continued Saturday.

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